

Halo Jarhead

by Cursed Saint

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Summary: Knight Company is sent on a mission to the former resort planet of Oasis.

Halo Jarhead

****Chapter 1:****

March 12, 2529

Planet Oasis, Pearl System.

Master Gunnery Sergeant Sykes sat there feeling the gee's on his face from the Pelican entering the atmosphere, as he went through his gear checking and double checking every weapon. He gripped his Pistol and emptied it broke it down and put it back together with such skill-full precision that would be difficult under stable conditions, much less during a high speed atmospheric entry. He slid in the magazine after he was satisfied with the pistol, pulling back the slide and releasing it he heard the lovely sound of a round being pushed into the chamber. He found his non-regulation underarm holster and secured it there; being a more common holster for a pilot the Gunny had adopted it in order to accommodate more weapons on his person during a fight. He checked his SMG attaching the silencer he had kept for infiltration missions just like this, satisfied with its maintenance he set it by his side next to his sniper rifle which he had already broken down and reassembled five times today two of which were on the flight to the planet. The gunny then checked his pockets; standard amounts of ammo for each gun, three FRAG grenades, two cans of BIO-Foam, tape, mirror, and then he felt the handle of the uncommon knife. He drew the knife from its sheath on his waist and admired its foot long blade. The Gunny then remembers his father giving him the family heirloom just before he shipped out for his first mission. "Be good to her son, or the ghost of Jim Bowie will haunt ya for not taken care of one of his knives." That was the last time he saw his father, and the last time he set eyes on the Harvest that he had grown up on.

As he sheathed his knife Lt. Pierson entered the rear compartment of the Pelican, he was young and strait out of officer training school, the gunny wasn't sure if that was what bothered him most about the LT or if it was the fact that the man didn't seem to have the head for battle. The first day that he met the Second Lieutenant the Gunny remembered seeing what appeared to be transfer rejections on his tablet, along with his dandy appearance needless to say the Gunny was expecting they wouldn't have to worry about this one for too long, just wait for the replacement.

"Are you all ready to go Sykes?" the Lieutenant asked the Gunny.

The Gunny jumped to his feet and acknowledged the LT with a simple nod. "All except for our landing strategy sir. I was wondering what your plan is for the DZ?"

The Lieutenant looked at the seventeen-year veteran as though he had just pissed in his superior's helmet and slapped it on his head. "My plan is to get of the ship Gunny, why? Do you have another plan?"

"No sir." The Gunny replied. "I just thought that for organization sake it would be best if you informed me of your basic strategy seeing as how I am your Platoon XO."

"Well Gunny I think that the men know how to secure a drop zone without having me hold their hand while they do it. And I would expect that my XO wouldn't question my actions in such a case but trust me and help me secure the area AS DIRECTED."

"Yes Sir." The Gunny replied with all of his strength holding back his fury. When he was just a private in the Helljumpers he would have skinned a man inside out for such an insult, but after he had a bad HEV landing on Asmara. He learned a lot in the three weeks of re-cooperation, among them was self-control especially when he learned he was no longer eligible to be an ODST.

While he was fighting his urge to strike the young officer the Gunny turned and saw his men watching as the LT insulted the most decorated man on the boat. Quickly he decided to forget his pride and set an example for the men, he submissively retook his seat and waited for the ship to land. As much as he wanted the lieutenant to die at the DZ the gunny didn't want to see any of his boys die there.

"We have company." The pilot yelled as he began evasive maneuvers trying to avoid the inbound Banshee's and trying to coax as much out of the drop ship as he could. The lieutenant ran up to the cockpit and started assessing the situation, the Gunny rose and began to do the same thing thinking that this was probably the only way he could save his boys lives was to take command of the platoon himself.

Plasma shots blasted by the pelican, as the pilot took unorthodoxly gutsy dives and spins to avoid them. "Put us on the ground now Warrant Officer." the LT barked. For once the gunny agreed with the lieutenant until he heard the sentence that followed. "I'm not going to die up here because you fly boys want to prove your gutsy enough to take on the Covenant with this paper airplane." Of course cowardice hidden by an insult, just what the gunny had come to expect

from his new young commander.

"How long can you hover above the ground before they take you down?" the gunny asked trying to find a solution rather than piss off there one chance in hell of making it out alive.

"Five seconds max; if there birds turn and land a second volley this bird is going down." The pilot replied while watching his six and the controls.

"We'll have them out in three, just hover don't land." The Gunny turned and smirked at the look of disapproval his superior shot him and walked to the rear of the drop ship. "Grab all your gear and prepare to jump out from five meters up. And bring all rocket launchers we have and cover the Pelican once you hit the ground." "Yes sir!" the marines responded as they went to work.

"Ten seconds" the pilot yelled.

"Move ill lead you boys out." The gunny said as he attached the SMG to his gear and slung the sniper rifle over his back grabbing a Rocket Launcher. Although he was being weighed down heavily the gunny didn't care he was a subscriber to old school war fare and that told him that he should be the first one on the ground securing the perimeter along with the men he was leading. The pelican began to stabilize when the ramp opened and there lay the half scorched ground beneath them as the ship stabilized the gunny jumped out immediately and landed with a slight spring in his step that turned him into a roll which produced him gracefully into a ready position with his rocket launcher pointed at the sky as he saw the Banshee's swoop down he fired twice connecting with one and winging another. He turned to see the men landing in a less than graceful manner, and just as the pelican started to rise the Lieutenant had jumped and landed on his back with a loud thud. The gunny contained his laughter as he went over and helped his CO up off the ground.

"Are you alright sir?" the gunny asked as he offered a hand to the LT.

"I'm fine gunny now help me up." Just as the lieutenant said this the gunny heard the sound of the banshee's making another pass only this time they weren't worried about the now empty pelican they had changed from dog fighters to air support.

"We have incoming, at three o'clock." The gunny yelled as he reloaded his launcher and aimed at the inbound enemy. Four other soldiers took up staggered positions by that of the gunnies so as not to keep themselves centralized and an easy target. The plasma blasted all around him as he yelled orders while waiting for the enemy to come into range. By principle he was a sniper and this was just another sign of why rate of fire doesn't mean shit if you can't hit what you're aiming at.

"Wait till you can see the arcs of the wings." The gunny screamed as the lieutenant scrambled to his feet and ran for safer cover. "Now." The gunny yelled as he fired off both rockets in succession. Ten rockets flew through the air as the seven remaining Banshee's attempted to pull up but in the process showed there vulnerable unprotected under belly and all exploded.

"Good job marines." The gunny yelled as he turned and realized that he was right from his original thought about his CO, he didn't have to worry too long as he stared down at the scorched remains that were once Second Lieutenant Terry Pierson.

As the other marines started to get up off of the ground from the places where they had sought cover from the aerial attack they all noticed what the Gunny had predicted in his mind. The Gunny looked up from the plasma burned corpse that was once his commanding officer and saw the shocked and frightened faces of all of the rookies, while at the same time he saw the smug looks which were not saddened by the event coming from the more senior soldiers.

"Listen up marines. Grab all the gear you can and help the wounded; we are breaking for that tree line due southwest. Get a move on unless you want the Covenant to scorch our Asses toâ€¦ NCOs on me." The Gunny shouted with a voice that made him feel more like an instructor in drill than a platoon leader. One thing was certain to him, he hadn't asked to be put in this position but he was going to do it and fight as hard as he could to complete the mission at hand.

Three men ran up to the Gunny. One was Master Sergeant Mike Billings. Billings was a good man who the gunny had served with for the past two years; he was a crack shot with an assault rifle and could beat anyone in the company at poker due to his constant bluff as the gunny called it, due to the fact that no one could read the sergeant's emotions. The man standing next to Billings was Sergeant Dane Ferris. Ferris was new to the platoon and had shown that he was more of a rookie than some of the privates who had come straight out of boot, he was a failed college boy who had received his rank due to the number of credits completed not due to any admirable qualities that would lead the gunny to believe that the young punk was qualified to lead a squad. The third man was Staff Sergeant Ryan Cools. Cools was fairly new to the platoon although not to the corp. he had spent three years working boot and two with Omen Company, his height and strength made him a sight to see as he was easily the largest man the gunny had ever seen.

"Okay men, I am assuming command of the platoon. Master Sergeant you are now my XO; Cools take your squad your on point, Ferris you get your squad and lead them up behind the Staff Sergeant, then you Mike ill bring up the rear."

"What's the plan gunny?" Ferris asked obviously distraught at seeing the state of the platoon.

"The plan for the moment Sergeant is to find cover and regroup, now let's step to men!"

The sergeants returned to the men and separated into squads and began to move out towards the tree line seven hundred meters from their position. They had to move fast to make it to cover, they didn't know how close the covenant was but they had to assume that they were about to bare down on them at any second. The Gunny knelt down next to his fallen commander and grabbed the man's grenades, extra rounds, and AR. With the covenant air superiority they had to assume that they would get little to any reinforcements from the Olympia much less any ammo, they were going to have to save as many rounds as they could and resort to covenant weapons if necessary.

The Platoon hastily moved through the open field between them and the forest, the gunny decided to take up a rear guard position so he could cover the platoons escape if the banshee's showed up again. He kept checking his radar for any enemy targets but he got nothing, so either they had given up or he was leading his men into a trap. The gunny didn't like the thought of that type of scenario and forced it from his mind, instead thinking about what they would have to do next. Connect to SatCOM and hope to hell that they could find a way out of this mess while completing their mission. The Gunny then began to think about Captain Yollest and the other two platoons that had made up Knight Company, were they dead? Alive? Wounded? Captured? The Gunny knew he didn't have an answer to the questions but he found himself asking anyways. He stopped for a moment and stared off into the sky and saw what seemed to be a small explosion as he realized something had just taken out SatCOM. He shook off his anxiety and unanswerable questions and looked away from the dead satellite that was now falling from low orbit and burning up in the atmosphere.

They entered the forest and found no signs of the enemy as the marines began to treat the wounds of those who had been shot by the Banshee's, while other soldiers secured the supplies they had taken from the landing site as Corporal Sloan took inventory of all the platoons equipment as ordered by the Gunny. The Gunny sat on a stump looking over the map which was being displayed on his military issue tablet, Master Sergeant Billings approached his commander and knelt down to see what he was doing.

"What's the plan Gunny? We've tried SatCOM and it seems to be down. So any ideas?" The sergeant asked more scared than serious. Although the Gunny didn't like his XO's tone he let it slide as he knew how the man felt being cut off from long range communication and having your command structure nearly destroyed. Even the Gunny was shaken up by it, but he wouldn't let it show because he had to remain in control of the platoon and complete the mission to the best of his ability.

"Well even though Oasis fell three months ago, the enemy didn't spend much time here and according to the prowler that inspected the area three weeks ago we should have met little to no resistance when taking the planet back. Mainly due to the fact that it lacks essential factors for it to be a choice covenant held planet, seeing as how it was a resort planet. Obviously the assumption was incorrect and we have to keep our heads down while we try to contact the _Olympia._"

"Any idea on how to do that seeing as how the satellite is dead?" the sergeant asked slightly calmer, possibly due to the fact that the gunny was practicing perfect composure or due to the fact that he was allowed to show his frustration.

"Actually yes I do have an idea. As shown in this map that was just updated an hour ago this building two click's from our position is apparently still intact and it is the UNSC Communications Relay station for Oasis. Now the other satellites in the atmosphere haven't been destroyed only disabled, and according to the prowlers scans the satellites have basically just been powered down. If we get to this station we will be able to connect to the satellites instantly power them up and communicate with the _Olympia_ and hopefully with the

rest of the companies on Oasis."

"Any idea what type of resistance we might come up against?" the sergeant asked while contemplating the plan.

"None, however if we move along through the forest to the position we should have adequate cover from enemy attacks as long as we work through the area by the book with a proper scout squad and keep regular and radio communication to a minimum. Once we get there we will most likely have to enter into a fire fight as it is a UNSC facility we can expect that the enemy would send Grunts and Jackals to guard it from us since it would be an ideal place for wounded and fortification."

"Why are we even here? If this planet was of no strategic advantage then why send a company of marines in to take back a resort planet that has been occupied for three months?" The sergeant asked. It was a fair question and one that the Gunny had asked the captain personally, however the only response that he received was that it was classified under the Office of Naval Intelligence. The gunny had been in the corp. for seven years and in that time he had had his run-ins with ONI, and he had decided that they were just a bunch of law bending spokes who would rather throw him and his men to the wolves than share accurate up-to-date Intel.

"The word is its some Admirals favorite vacation spot, but my theory is that there is more to this and I think ONI has something to do with it. But either way Mike we are going to complete our mission and get the hell off this rock. Now prep the platoon to move-out."

The Master Sergeant stood up with a nod he turned and walked over to Cools and Ferris, while the Gunny sat on the stump planning out his own attack strategy that he could only hope would get them through this mission with minimal casualties. He then opened his platoon roaster and marked the Lieutenant as being KIA along with two privates a specialist and a Corporal, for his first command this was already off to a bad start.

Staff Sergeant Cools snaked his way through the wooded landscape looking for the covenant and other marines, just as he went to take a steep he heard a series of barks and squeaks that he knew all too well. The sergeant approached the small rise and got down on his stomach removing his binoculars, he had found them the covenant had sent what appeared to be at least thirty Grunts and twenty Jackals.

The sergeant rolled over on his back silently, he breathed deep then tapped his throat radio three times. After the third tap the voice of Gunny Sykes resonated through the sergeant's ear. _"What's your status sergeant?" _The gunny's voice was silent to anyone else but the sergeant could hear him as though he were standing next to him. "I have at least fifty enemy contacts, half a click from your current location." The sergeant whispered over the com.

"_What's your evaluation of the situation Ryan?"_ The voice of the Gunny quickly replied after hearing the report.

"Well, they are a large number but we do still have them outnumbered nearly 2-1. And it's not as though they don't know we are out here somewhere. Quite frankly I like a position between both parties for a

nice ambush."

The com fell silent for a moment and then there was a hiss. _"Are you sure that this is the best course of action?" _The voice of Sergeant Ferris said over the com.

"I stand by my evaluation sergeant, and it's better to fight them now when we have a tactical and numerical advantage then fight them when they catch us in the cross-fire at the Com Relay."

"_I agree with your assessment Cools, mark the position of your ambush and meet us there." _The Gunny replied.

"Doing it now. And I'm on my way." The Staff Sergeant said as he shifted back to his stomach and began to crawl out of the area. Once he knew the enemy couldn't see him he pushed himself up onto his feet and ran as fast as he could back to the rendezvous.

The Gunny lead the platoon through the woods in search of the location Cools had marked on the display map. Just then he heard the three clicks over his radio earpiece and held up one hand in the form of a fist, which instantly stopped the entire platoon in their tracks. "Go ahead Cools." The Gunny whispered.

"_I have eyes on you right now. I'm on fifty meters north of your current position."_ The Sergeant replied.

"Acknowledged." The Gunny released the fist and waved the platoon onward. He walked fifty meters and saw Cools sitting in a blind spot waiting.

"Well sergeant I don't see this area that you described and I don't see any positional advantage." The gunny barked while whispering.

"Look closer. Ten meters in front of you." Cools requested.

At first sight all that could be seen was more and more flat wilderness when the Gunny noticed that the position was the high ground. The trees and foliage was in such a way that to the untrained eye it couldn't be distinguished. "So we have the high ground?"

"Yes and it forms into a semi-circle and leads down into a curving road. It's an old creek bed I think; it then empties out directly into the valley area where the enemy is currently located." The sergeant said with a smirk on his face mirroring the one the gunny was showing.

"So who's the bait?" the gunny asked.

"I volunteer." Cools replied.

"No Ryan you've been crawling and scouting for hours you have earned a break. Master Sergeant. Who is our fastest runner?"

"To my knowledge Corporal Singer sir." Billings replied.

"Bring her up here would ya." The Gunny replied. The master sergeant taped his throat mic and said "Singer come to my position." Two seconds later the tall girl approached the three NCOs with a quick

jog. "Reporting sarge." "Master Sergeant Billings tells me you're the fastest in the platoon is that correct?" She smiled and quickly replied. "Fastest in the Battalion gunny."

"Well that's good Corporal because I find myself in need of a rabbit." The Gunny replied with a slight grin.

Singer stood there waiting as she heard the enemy creeping through the forest, singer waited with her pistol drawn to see the first enemy. She saw a metallic reflection forty-five meters away; she turned leveling her weapon and fired it hitting a grunt in the head. She didn't wait to continue the firefight she began running and weaving in unpredictable patterns as plasma began to hit the trees around her. When the shots stopped she knew that she had lost them so she waited then heard the clicking sounds that were made by the grunts. She turned and saw they were about thirty meters away from her position looking for her. She could see the entrance to the riverbed only twenty meters from her position, she then checked her gun silently turned and shot another grunt. The sound of Jackal shields' turning on was followed by the three shots she fired as she ran towards the entrance. The covenant had fallen for the trap and now they were going to die for it.

Singer taped her earpiece. "They're coming in behind me; hope your all ready for the surprise party."

The faster Jackals moved quicker knowing that the woman had nowhere to go for she was on a dead end road. If only they weren't cannon fodder that was only slightly smarter than the grunts maybe they would have figured out that they were about to trigger a trap that would doom the entire group.

Singer ran over to spot where the creek bed dead-ended and found a rope waiting for her she quickly climbed it reaching the top just as the Jackals rounded the bend and fired a shot that missed by a meter. The vulture like creatures then let out a shriek and the rest of the covenant forces rounded the corner and began shooting, then they all approached the dead end where there enemy had escaped and began to investigate the rope that hung down from the edge. Just as the first Jackal touched the rope it heard several thumps as though someone was throwing rocks at them. One and a half seconds passed and the FRAG grenades that the marines had thrown at their enemy detonated. The marines then looked over the edge and opened fire on all of the survivors. In seconds none of the grunts or jackals were left alive.

"Squads one and three go over the bodies and take all their gear. Two and four secure the perimeter." The Gunny said as he slid down the steep edge of the creek bed.

The Gunny grabbed one of the Jackal shields and instructed his men to collect all of the tech and weapons they could. Just as the Gunny was turning to climb back up the steep incline he heard a series of clicks over his com earpiece. The gunny froze in his tracks and taped his throat mic once followed by two more taps. "This is Master Gunnery Sergeant William Sykes, to whom am I speaking with?"

A young voice came over the com. _"This is Staff Sergeant Rhodes Second Platoon, requesting your position, Gunny."_

The 27-year-old Staff Sergeant lead the bulk of the third Platoon into the circle of marines gathered around the riverbed. They were worn down and looked tired half of which were bandaged up and one in particular was using his rifle as more of a crutch than a weapon. The battle torn NCO approached the Gunny.

"It's damn good to see you gunny."

"Take a knee son, and tell me what happened." The gunny said as he turned the sergeant away from his men and to the side where there were two stumps that had been serving as the Gunny's command office. The battle broken soldier sat down on one of the stumps and began to tell the Gunny everything that had happened as Billings approached the men of the Second platoon and told them they could stand down.

"It was terrible gunny; I don't even know where to begin." The sergeant said as he began to lose his composure.

"Take it easy marine! Pull yourself together and start from the DZ."

The sergeant took a deep breath and opened his eyes completely looking the gunny dead in the eye. "The pelican landed on the beach with no apparent aerial assaults and no visible enemy ground contacts. It was just like we were told when the Admiral briefed us. We proceeded to the company rendezvous sight when we saw SatCOM blow up. The lieutenant knew something was wrong and tried to contact the Olympia and when that didn't work he tried contacting the other platoons but didn't get any answer. Then it happened."

"What happened?" the Gunny said as he put his hand on the man's shoulder.

"The plasma fire. It came out of nowhere the LT was on point when he was struck by the shot to his left arm. He ordered us to hit the deck and as we did we began looking for grunts and Jackals around the whole area but we didn't see anything and the plasma kept on flying. We began to crawl out of the area towards a building we saw in the distance and when we got half way there the plasma fire stopped. We crawled all the way to the building and when we sat behind it and started patching up wounds, when the lieutenant toppled over. He had been standing helping his men to the best of his abilities even with his plasma burned arm, at first I thought he had been running on pure adrenaline and had finally slipped into shock when I noticed the two burn wounds that went straight threw his abdominal muscles. They looked like plasma burns but no one heard any shots and the burns were so close that I thought it was probably two rounds from a beam rifle till I noticed that the holes were smaller on the other side. Then it happened again this time Master Sergeant Hughes fell with similar wounds. Knowing that something else was going on I ordered my men to run for the tree line, and as we ran the plasma fire started again and took out seventeen marines as they ran for it. We scattered through the woods and evaded the enemy fire."

Under normal military circumstances the Gunny would have had the Staff Sergeant committed, but these were far from normal conditions and the story was too real to deny. The Gunny had heard similar things throughout the entire time he had been fighting against the covenant. Sure most were ghost stories and BS that the privates made

up to kid the rookies into thinking they were fighting the things they had always feared. This invisible covenant was real however and he remembered hearing about it. A survivor from Jericho VII had mentioned it a "Covenant Ghost" he called it and it had slaughtered a whole squad and left him to die thinking that it impaling wound had ended the marine. However the marine was lucky the burns cauterized the wounds and he survived due to the strange affliction. But the one thing that was the most important about what that marine had said was the fact that he didn't see any enemy forces and knew that he didn't do it to himself. Also the man had mentioned that the plasma burns didn't feel like shots at all, more like stab wounds.

"Then what happened sergeant?" the Gunny asked intently.

"Well gunny we all managed to find each otherâ€¦ That we know of. Then we proceeded through the forest looking for the way to the rendezvous point, when we ran into a squad of grunts. We met at a fork in the path and we all started shooting, we lost ten more in that fight. We ran into the forest off the beaten path and started to settle in and hide when we heard your gunfire and I decided to try the com."

The Gunny didn't know what to think about Rhodes verbal report of the events which had resulted in twenty-nine marine deaths. But one thing was for certain this sergeant and his men had survived a bout with the best hell had to offer, maybe even the devil himself and all that he was going to do was lead them into a fight with those bastards again.

"What's the plan?" The Staff Sergeant asked as he wiped the sweat from his brow and looked at the Gunny.

"Well sergeant, your platoon is going to fall into line with mine and I am going to take command of it. Now I'm going to need the list of dead and wounded, a full inventory list and any Intel you may have found out about the enemy defenses. You are now the fourth in command, how many NCOs are in the platoon other than you?"

"Two more sir. Sergeants Jacobson and Graham, I can vouch for them they are both good men."

"Very well since your numbers are sixty-one I want you to make squads of twenty each and you be the odd one in your squad. Report to Master Sergeant Billings and he will coordinate you in your incorporation into our platoon. Pull your men together and let's prepare to move out."

"Yes gunny." The sergeant said as he stood up and put his helmet back on. The Gunny was amazed at how much brighter the Staff Sergeants face looked and how his eyes appeared to be clearing before him. Possibly it was an act to gain sympathy from the battle-hardened soldier, but that was highly unlikely. More than likely it was the fact that he was no longer in command of the Platoon that gave the young sergeant his second wind.

The Gunny waved over Billings who immediately walked over and took a seat next to his commander. "Gunny?" he responded.

"Prep the entire platoon to leave. We are less than a click from the relay station. And I want everyone ready to fight."

"I'm on it gunny." Billings stood up and walked over to the five NCOs who were knelt down talking and as soon as they received their orders they stood up and went to collecting their squads and prepping to break camp.

The Gunny sat there and counted up the two platoon totals of wounded and the numbers were staggering. Thirty-four lost in heavy combat, was this the feeling that so many had referred to as the burden of command? He hoped it was and that he would never have to experience anything worse than marking each one of his men as being KIA.

The Gunny lead the combined platoons through the forest looking for the Communications Relay when they heard the sounds of Grunts and Jackals making there odd noises that they used for communication. The Gunny tapped his throat mic twice. "Move in on that position silently but prepare for combat." It wasn't the fact that he was hearing these noises that bothered him it was the fact that they sounded like they were coming from the location they had marked as being the relay station.

As they crept through the woods they saw the building and the large dish equipped to the top of it, and at the gates of the small facility they saw six marines sitting in prone position on the ground with a group of Jackals and Grunts making noises towards them. The Gunny tapped his throat mic twice and whispered. "That's Captain Yollest and part of his platoon. Prepare to engage but avoid hitting our people." Just as the Gunny said this one of the Grunts leveled its needler and pumped the Captain with three needles.

"Open Fire and cover my squad." The Gunny yelled through his mic as he leaped up and began running for the Captains position as his squad followed behind and the platoon opened fire killing most of the enemy that was on the execution detail. As the Gunny approached the gates he saw the massive force that was inside the complex, he quickly through two grenades grabbed the Captain by his armor and started pulling him back to the platoons' position as the enemy rounded the corner and began firing.

The five marines who had been captured with the Captain had already started running towards the platoons' position when the two explosions went off. The gunny saw plasma firing around him and he turned while back pedaling and dragging the Captain he began firing his SMG at the enemy who were now lining up outside the compound and firing at the marines. Three marines ran up and activated their Jackal Shields that they had taken off of the Jackals they had killed in the creek bed; they overlapped their shields and covered the Gunny's escape. As the gunny reached the tree line the three marines dropped back to their position and kept firing at the enemy.

"BIOFoam!" The Gunny shouted and not a second later the needles in the Captains chest detonated. The Captain screamed in pain and pulled the Gunny down to him so he could look him in the eye.

"Gunny, I'm not goanna make it. You get my men off this damn rock! You hear me? Get them oâ€|." Those were his company commander's last words as his eyes rolled back and he died.

The Gunny stood up frozen for a moment thinking about what he had

just been ordered to do. Then his focus was broken by a strange energy sound that he heard behind him. When he turned he saw what he could only describe as a blurry outline coming at him. The Gunny quickly raised his SMG and opened fire on the inbound enemy, as the rounds bounced off he saw a half transparent creature that was more than two meters high coming right at him with what he thought looked like a double bladed sword. The creature swung at the Gunny who attempted to block with his SMG which was instantly sliced in half, the gunny rolled off of the strike dropping his severed SMG and pulled up his pistol and began to empty it into the creature. He must have hit its weapon hand because it dropped its sword and fell to the ground becoming visible as only a handle. The creature hit the gunny sending him end over end and forcing the pistol out of his grip, the creature approached him and grabbed him by the neck and brought him up to its eye level as it became visible once again.

"A painful death for a murderous Demon." It said as it began to choke the life from the Gunny. The Gunny started fighting for his life when the creature lessened its grip slightly and looked down to see the Gunny had used his Bowie Knife to stab him between his armor plates. The Gunny grinned as he turned the blade 90 degrees and the creature opened up four jaws and screamed into the sky. The gunny removed his hand from the knife and grabbed a grenade and as he primed it he said. "Tell me how painful this death is." As he dropped it into the creatures mouth grabbed his knife pulling it out of the enemy and stabbing the hand that was holding him till it released.

The Gunny hit the ground yelling. "Fire in the hole." Not half a second later the grenade went off and the creature was no more. The Gunny fought for breath seeing his Pistol lay on the ground he grabbed it and pushed himself up as he walked over to the line to lead his Platoon to victory.

Three minutes later the Gunny walked into the now black blood spattered compound and seeing that they had effectively defeated the enemy, which had occupied the relay station. As he was about to walk to the next room he was approached by one of the marines he had just saved. "Master Gunnery Sergeant Sykes." The man said. "Master Gunnery Sergeant Marco. It's good to see that you made it." The gunny replied addressing the former first platoon XO. "What the hell attacked you out there?" Marco asked obviously still fighting the adrenaline that had been brought on by the firefight and his dash to freedom and safety. "I think it was what they call The Covenant Ghost and I'm sure that that ghost won't be killing again."

"I see you had the same idea we did, use the relay to contact the ship?" Marco said slightly loosening up from his tightly wound personality.

"Yeah and it was only luck that we found the remains of the rest of the company on the way here. I know that command is a bit fuzzy Jim but as senior NCO I am taking command of the company."

"I agree, a stable chain of command is especially important at a time like this. Besides I'm better as an XO anyways." Marco replied looking even more relieved.

"Okay then do you think you could get this place powered up and connect to the Olympia?"

"Sure thing, just give me a minute." Marco said as he started punching in commands on his tablet.

"You've got ten Jim." As the Gunny said this Master Sergeant Billings entered the room and approached Sykes.

"Gunny I have had the entire complex searched. It appears as though they were using the place as an Armory. I've already ordered every man to equip with Jackal shields and Plasma grenades. Are there any others that you wish for us to commandeer?"

"I will decide that after surveying the weapons myself, first however I intend to inform Admiral Weatherbee of our situation."

"Oh and gunny. I found this near the remains of that thing that attacked you, thought you might want it."

The gunny quickly checked to make sure his father's knife was still in its sheath which is exactly where he found it then he looked at what the sergeant was handing him. It was the handle to that sword that had sliced through his SMG like and arc welder through sheet metal. The Gunny grabbed the handle, which was large for his hand and pointed it at the ground as he squeezed it a plasma blade formed.

"Woo. What the hell is that?" The sergeant said as he saw the blade.

"Umm. Will? I have gotten the satellites up and running and am connecting to the Olympia now." Marco reported as he brought the connection up on the screen.

A woman's face came on the screen. "This is the UNSC Carrier Olympia to whom am I speaking?"

"This is Master Gunnery Sergeant William Sykes. Knight Company. Requesting to speak with Admiral Weatherbee, and it is urgent Lieutenant."

The woman's face was pushed off the screen as the Admirals was pushed on. The Admiral was rather young for such a high rank but he had risen to his rank quickly by what many considered to be questionable methods.

"Gunny you have no idea how good it is to hear from you. What's the status of Knight Company?" The Admiral said with joy in his voice.

"Sir I have taken command of Knight Company as the ranking military officer, our entire company has been whittled down to only 171 marines. And sir given the fact that the true mission is classified not even I have been briefed on it."

"I see well then given that this mission is classified Authorized Officers Eyes Only, I suppose I have no other choice. Gunny consider yourself field commissioned!"

"Sir is that really necessary?" The Gunny replied shocked at the Admirals decision.

"There are no other options Lieutenant, I am ordering the ships AI to take command of the satellites and maintain communication with you on the ground. She will brief you on your classified mission on Oasis."

"Yes sir." The new Lieutenant saluted and wished that he had not been given this job. But he was a blue-collar man and he did as he was ordered.

End
file.